

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES—NUMBER 6,437,229

Copyright, 1921, Mail and Express



LORENZO MESZONE
SIBERIA BAER
WAS A NUT ON THE
SUBJECT OF FRESH
SUMMER AIR.



WHILE CLAUDIUS PETROGRAD
BLOOMINGDALE BLUE
SAT ALL DAY, WHERE THE
AIR WAS AS HEAVY
AS GLUE:



BUT BAER CAUGHT A
COLD AND BECAME VERY
SICK.
AND THE AIR IN HIS ROOM
WAS DISTRESSINGLY THICK.



WHILE BLUE GOT ARRESTED
FOR GAMBLING, AND NOW
HE GETS MORE FRESH
AIR THAN A HORSE
OR A COW!

By RUBE GOLDBERG
MIKE & IKE - THEY LOOK ALIKE

MY BROTHER,
MIKE, WILL
NOW RENDER
THE GRAVE-
DIGGER'S
LOVE SONG—

"I'D MOVE THE EARTH
FOR YOU"

THIS PROVES SOMETHING—BUT WHAT?

US BOYS



GEE IM SORRY, GOSH
IM SORRY, GOLLY IM
SORRY, BUT THAT
THERE TRAINED
WAZMUS SWIMMED
OFF AND LOSTED
HISSELF!

AW, CUT THAT
STUFF OUT, YOU
BIG FOUR FLUSHER.
ILL KNOCK YOUR
HEAD OFF, C'MON
I AINT SCARED OF
YOU!

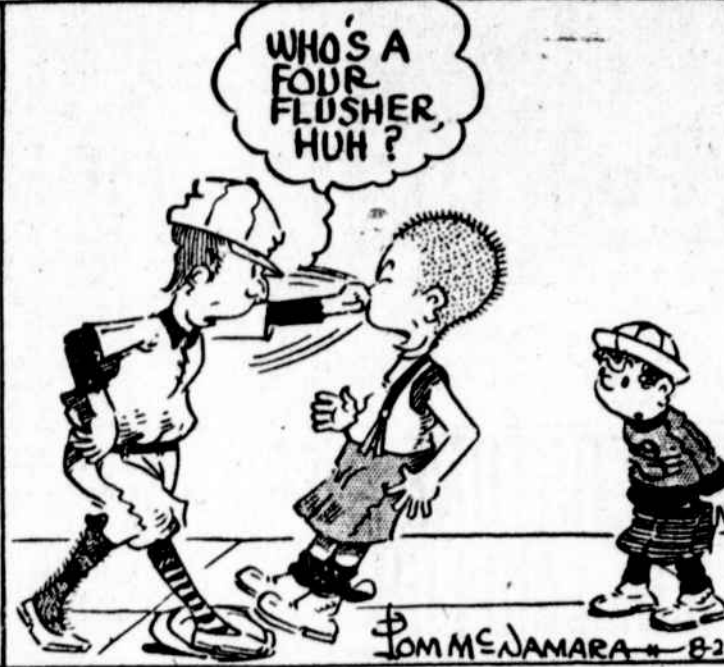


GOSH ID LIKE TO FIGHT,
I WOULD, BUT MY
TRAINED WAZMUS
BIT ME ON THE
KNUCKLE HE DID!

AW, TELL IT TO
SWEETIE, YOURE
ALWAYS STALLIN'.
C'MON, YOUR
KNUCKLES IS ALL
RIGHT, C'MON,
YOU BIG
FOUR FLUSHER!



LOOK AT
EM!



WHOS A
FOUR FLUSHER
HUH?

ABIE THE AGENT



YOU NEVER CAN TELL BY
LOOKING AT A HORSE—PHOOY,
THEM RACES COST ME \$100
TODAY! I THINK I'LL GO BY MY
LODGE TONIGHT AND TRY TO
FORGET IT!



YOU BET ON "SPEEDICK"
YOU COULD GLANCE ON
HIM AND SEE THAT
HE WASNT A GOOD
RACER!

LISTEN, MINSK,
IT'LL ONLY LEAD
TO TROUBLE BE-
TWEEN US, IF YOU
COMMENCE TO TELL
ME WHAT YOU KNOW
ABOUT HORSES!!



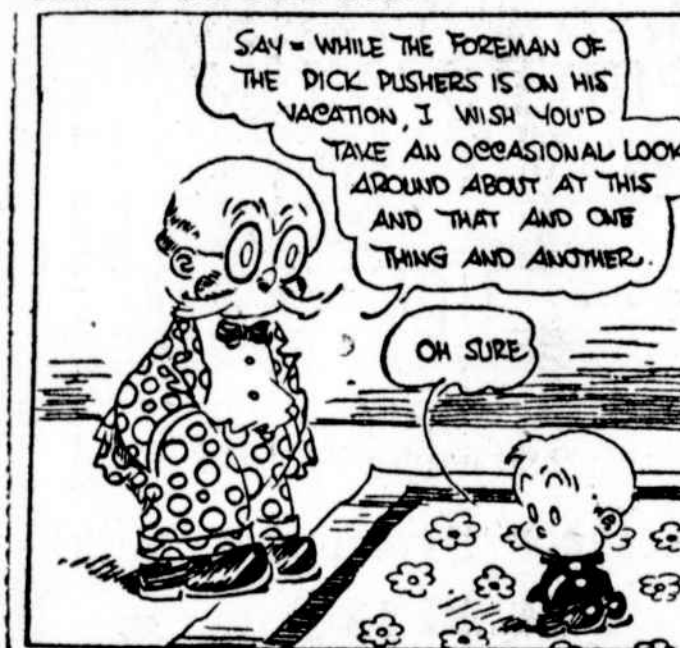
SAY, SHRIMP—FOR TEN
GENERATIONS BACK YET,
MY FAMILY WAS
EXPERTS ABOUT HORSES!



MY GREAT, GREAT UNCLE
IN MOSCOW, WAS THE BEST
OF THEM ALL—HE
CERTAINLY KNEW A GOOD
HORSE WHEN HE SAW
ONE!

AND THEY HUNG
HIM FOR IT, TOO—
NOO, COME ON!
FIGHT!!

JERRY ON THE JOB



SAY—WHILE THE FOREMAN OF
THE DICK PUSHERS IS ON HIS
VACATION, I WISH YOU'D
TAKE AN OCCASIONAL LOOK
AROUND ABOUT AT THIS
AND THAT AND ONE
THING AND ANOTHER.

OH SURE.



MIGOSH=THAT
BOSS O'MINE KEEPS
ME BUSIER THAN
A ONE ARMED
XYLOPHONE PLAYER
IN MOSQUITO
SEASON.



HEY SAM—
BE A LITTLE CAREFUL
THE WAY YOU SLING
THAT HAMMER.

FIRST THING
YOU KNOW YOU'LL
SOCK ABE ON
THE DOME



=AND THATS THE
ONLY HAMMER
WEVE GOT.

POLLY AND HER PALS



I CANT UNDERSTAND
WHY SHE DIDNT
GOT MY LETTER!

IT IS ODD.
ISNT IT?



IF I WERE YOU
ID CALL UP THE
DEAD LETTER
OFFICE, ASH!

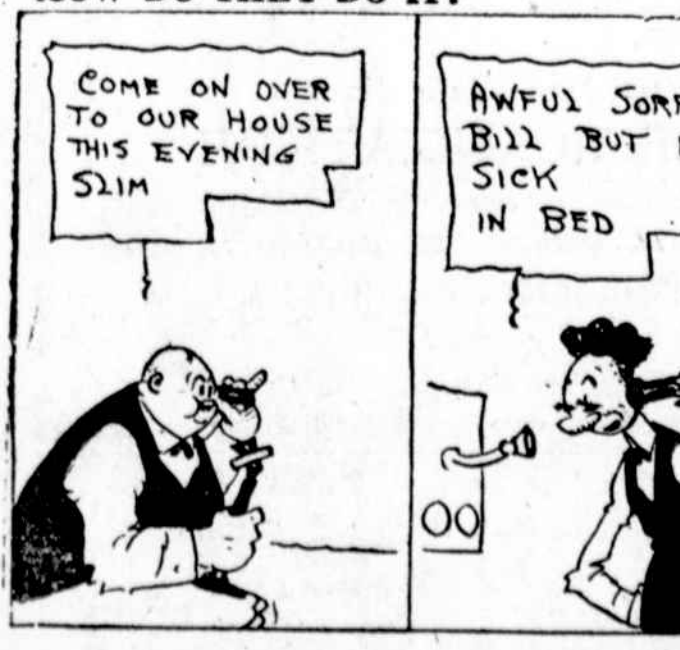


PARDON ME HON. MA,
BUT WHAT ARE A
DEAD LETTER?



A DEAD LETTER
IS A LETTER
WHICH HAS
BEEN GIVEN
PAW TO POST!

HOW DO THEY DO IT?



COME ON OVER
TO OUR HOUSE
THIS EVENING
SLIM

AWFUL SORRY
BILL BUT IM
SICK
IN BED



HOW ABOUT MONDAY
OR TUESDAY, THEN?

NOPE—I'LL BE
OUT OF TOWN
BOTH OF THOSE
DAYS



WE'LL MAKE IT ANY
EVENING THIS WEEK

IMPOSSIBLE, BILL—
I HAVE EVERY
ONE OF THEM
SEWED UP



THATS TOO BAD
SLIM—I WANTED
YOU TO MEET
OUR PRETTY NEICE
WHO IS VISITING
US THIS WEEK

HUH!

WHY DIDNT BILL SAY SO AT FIRST

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND
SUNDAY EVENINGS IN BILL BUMP'S
PARLOR—

THE THIMBLE THEATRE

Registered U. S. Patent Office.
Now Showing—"His Name Ain't Jack."
Monday—"A Life-Like Portrait."



IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU
HANGRAVY TO HIRE THIS CAR
TO TAKE
ME FOR
A RIDE



HO-HUM—
THIS COUNTRY
AIR MAKES
ME SLEEPY



OLIVEOYL'S ASLEEP—
I'VE NEVER KISSED HER IN
MY LIFE—NOW'S MY CHANCE!



SLEEPY

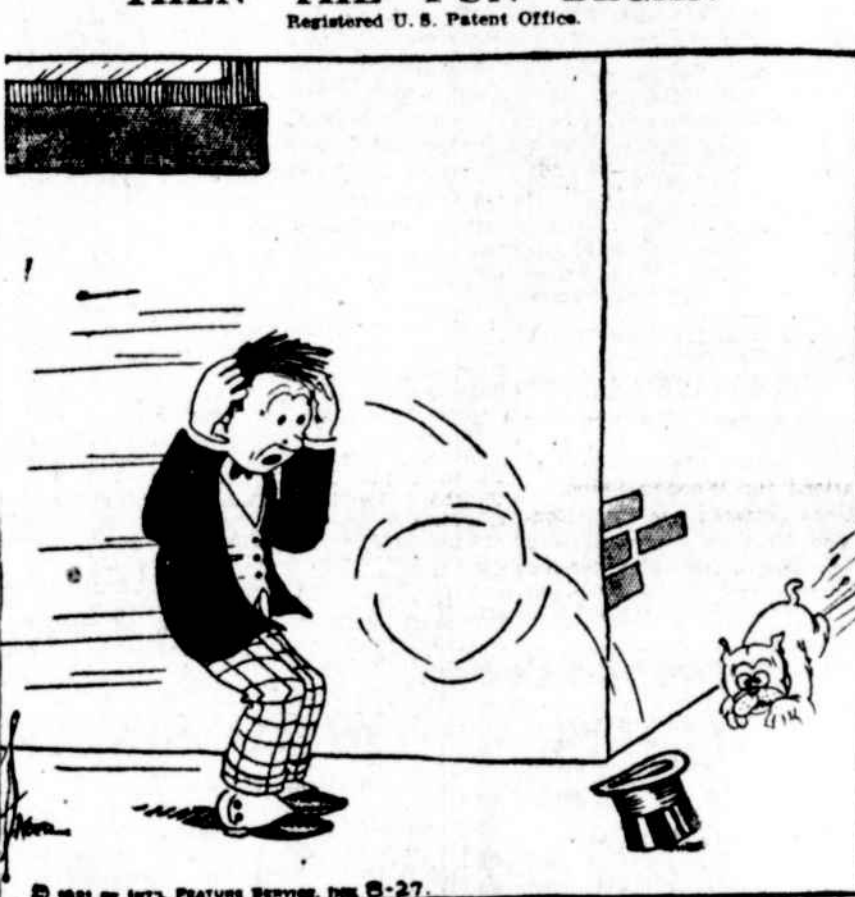


JACK—
NOW YOU
STOP THAT

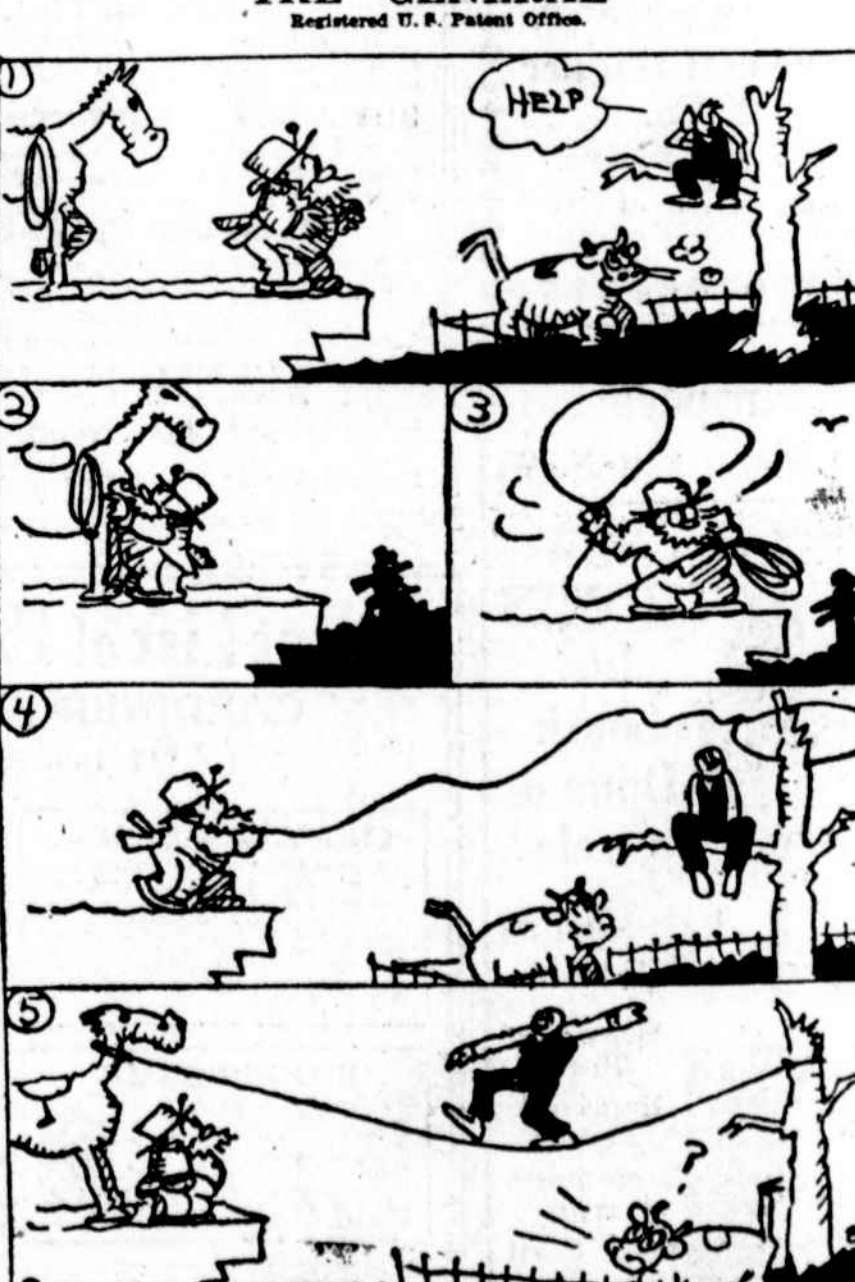


10 MILES
TOWN

THEN THE FUN BEGAN



THE GENERAL



Kabibble Kabaret

Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc.—Barber & G. S. Patent Office.
DEAR MR. KABIBBLE
WHAT CAN THE REASON BE?—MY HUSBAND ENJOYS OTHER
PEOPLES COOKING BETTER THAN HE DOES MY OWN
THERE IS JUST AS BAD—BUT AT LEAST, IT DOESN'T
COST HIM ANYTHING!